
THE
EGYPTIAN FESTIVAL:
AN OPERA.

[*Price Two Shillings.*]

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FOR
THE
EGYPTIAN FESTIVAL;
AN OPERA,
IN THREE ACTS:

AS PERFORMED

AT THE

Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.

Written by ANDREW FRANKLIN.



LONDON :

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SQUARE.

1800.

THE

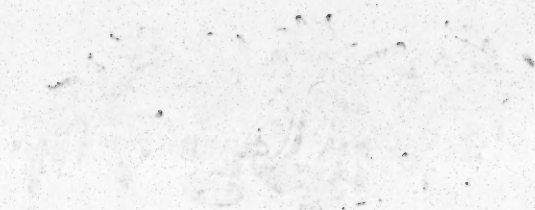
NEW YORK

IN THREE VOLUMES

BY

JOHN R. KELLY

NEW YORK



LONDON

PRINTED BY J. JOHNSON, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD

1840

PREFACE.

IN submitting his work to the Press, the Writer of an Opera appears before the Public in a more questionable shape, and to far greater disadvantage, than the Author of a REGULAR Drama. His deprivations are not merely of the negative kind; he not only loses, in common with the latter, the adventitious attractions of the stage; but a fresh source of derogation results from those very circumstances which enhance the interest of the piece in the representation. Shackled and cramped by peculiarity of situation, and his reciprocal relationship with the Composer, he is not at liberty to follow the uncontrolled dictates of his own judgment, the spontaneous impulse of his own mind, nor the guidance of his own taste; but is compelled to move in a *sphere of subserviency* to the Composer.

Not only his songs are frequently distorted to suit the strains of his musical colleague, and sometimes even, by an *inverted* progress, written to melodies *previously* composed; but the plot itself, the whole concatenation and general complexion of his piece, are subject and amenable to musical control; nay, it might be added, to the jurisdiction of the Machinist. To compensate him for these sacrifices, it is true, he participates, in return, the fruits of their labour, skill, and science:—his piece derives strong additional sources of attraction from this combination of talent—this happy conjunction of the sister arts, POETRY, MUSIC, and PAINTING:—but this benefit, great and valuable as it is, and justly entitled to the Author's acknowledgments, extends only to the representation.

In the CLOSET the Author appears in more than native nudity; there he stands confessed with not only his own sins upon his head, but bears the WHOLE responsibility, and incurs the unparticipated censure for errors and deformities which owe their origin and existence to his colleagues.

This

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This difficulty of situation, this risk of character, this literary responsibility, and this falling off of interest between the scenic representation and the closet perusal, magnify, in proportion to the grandeur of the piece, the skill of the Composer, and the superior execution of the vocal Performers. The Author feels no dread of subjecting himself to the imputation of vanity and arrogance, when he claims the benefit of this plea, in its most unlimited sense, to his present production. For scenic grandeur, musical knowledge, and scientific singing, few Operas have been more highly distinguished than the EGYPTIAN FESTIVAL. And when it is considered that the Opera was purposely written for the introduction of MADAME MARA—that the airs were expressly composed for the powers of this first vocal performer of the age, the Reader will easily enter into the difficulty of the Author's situation, and will at once perceive the vast additional compromise he has been obliged to make of his own interest, by affording a full scope for a perfect display of the talents and abilities of others.

These considerations, however, have not de-

terred him from printing his work; that the Public may have an opportunity of deciding on the merits of an Opera in the closet; the representation of which has been honoured with such flattering marks of approbation on the stage.

From those fastidious critics, who, either ignorant or unmindful of the plea he has advanced, appreciate the merits of an Opera, agreeably to the same rigid rules by which they judge a REGULAR drama, the Author has little favour or indulgence to expect. In their unqualified denunciations against the operatic writer, they make no allowance for the peculiar difficulties he has to encounter; they deign not to acknowledge the sacrifices he is compelled to make to musical situation, scenic effect, and the pageant of the SPECTACLE:—their censure is general and indiscriminating; and in passing their stern verdict, their precipitancy and rash zeal strip him of the fair merit of GENERAL EFFECT.

These remarks, it is proper to observe, are of a GENERAL nature—they are not specific—they are not intended to apply to any particular case;

case ; all the *respectable* newspapers, and other vehicles of periodical criticism, have, in the aggregate, dealt fairly with the Opera, and estimated its merits on the principles here advanced. On this point, with the exception of a paper called the *Times**, the Author has no cause of complaint. The *Conductor* of that insipid print has manifested, indeed, a spirit of hostility, which, had it been more ably directed, might have made some impression on the object of his hate. But fortunately the powers of his head are as contemptible, as the means are *base* and *unmanly*, by which he emits from his *masked battery* his diurnal flanders. He

* If the report may be credited, a Member of a certain honourable Assembly occasionally favours this Paper with virulent critiques on the stage, without taking the trouble of witnessing the performance, whenever the *luminous* genius of the Editor is in *eclipse*---a case which does not unfrequently occur. A future opportunity probably will offer of presenting this *Gentleman's* name to the public. The Author has seen specimens of his *honourable* lucubrations, and advises him to pursue his *learned* labours. He is too good a patriot to prefer his own interest to the national welfare ; he would much rather be himself the sufferer than his country :---he therefore wishes the Gentleman to persist in exchanging the office of legislating for the nation, for the abusive occupation he now follows!

has,

has, for want of argument, descended, if *he* could descend, to *falsehold* and personality. The Author does not quarrel with him for the former; for it would be cruel to deprive him of his *consistency*. For the latter, the calumniator has his best thanks; for it would be to him a mortifying and distressing circumstance, did any one action of his life correspond with the sentiments, accord with the feelings, or entitle him to the esteem or approbation of an anonymous slanderer!

The AUTHOR would consider himself inexcusable, did he decline the opportunity now afforded him of expressing his great obligations to the Performers, whose talents and exertions have so amply contributed to the success of the EGYPTIAN FESTIVAL.

He is likewise proud to acknowledge his obligations to Mr. JOHNSTON, of Drury-lane Theatre, whose classical labours in the decorative department of the Opera have furnished an additional proof, had proof been wanting, of his exquisite taste: and he feels himself equally indebted to the talents of Mr. GREENWOOD, whose effective pencil has done such
complete

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complete justice to the picturesque, interesting, and highly characteristic views for which the EGYPTIAN FESTIVAL is so justly admired, by men of taste, liberality, and judgment.

THE AUTHOR.

DEAN STREET, SOHO,

April 16th, 1800.

Dramatis Personae.

EGYPTIANS.

MEN.

MUSTAPHA MULEY BEY	- -	Mr. <i>Raymond</i> .
ALI HASSAN	- - - - -	Mr. <i>Holland</i> .
MURTEZA	- - - - -	Mr. <i>C. Kemble</i> .
USCOLA	- - - - -	Mr. <i>Suett</i> .
KEDAH	- - - - -	Mr. <i>Surmont</i> .
JAFFA	- - - - -	Mr. <i>Caulfield</i> .
YEZID (Chief of the Arabs)	- -	Mr. <i>Dignum</i> .
Priest	- - - - -	Mr. <i>Cory</i> .

WOMEN.

ZEMIRA	- - - - -	Madame <i>Mara</i> .
NIGRA	- - - - -	Mrs. <i>Bland</i> .

ENGLISH.

MEN.

GOVERNOR	- - - - -	Mr. <i>Powell</i> .
BOOMLY	- - - - -	Mr. <i>Trueman</i> .
Longbow	- - - - -	Mr. <i>Bannister, Jun.</i>
MAINSTAY	- - - - -	Mr. <i>Sedgwick</i> .
Cook	- - - - -	Mr. <i>Sparkes</i> .
Officer	- - - - -	Mr. <i>Webb</i> .

WOMEN.

VIOLETTA	- - - - -	Miss <i>Stephens</i> .
JACKINA	- - - - -	Miss <i>De Camp</i> .

Chorus—Mamelukes, Arabs, &c.

SCENE, throughout, lies in Egypt.

The Passages marked in inverted Commas are omitted in Representation.

THE
EGYPTIAN FESTIVAL.

ACT I.

SCENE—*A View of Grand Cairo, and the Pyramids, &c.—On one side of the Stage the Marquee of Mustapha—Mamelukes ranged down the opposite side.*

Enter MUSTAPHA, KEDAH, and USCOLA, from the Marquee.

CHORUS of MAMELUKES.

SOUND the music, raise the song,
And the gladsome notes prolong:
While they reach the vaulted skies,
See the Sun of Egypt rise,

Must. To-day the English Chief celebrates
a grand Festival, styling it Egyptian, in honour
of his allies. I have told you I shall attend
in state.

Kedah. Every preparation, illustrious mas-
ter, necessary to the procession is made. Yet,
gained over as our tribe is, to the cause of the

B

mortal

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mortal enemy of these English, it surprises your slave that your Highness should attend their festival.

Must. Kedah, we must as yet dissemble, and thus we shall o'ermatch the Britons.

Usc. Right, refulgent Sun of our firmament, treachery is the only weapon that these English know not how to wield.

Must. Command our soothsayer to attend.

Usc. May it please you, my Lord, he's dead.

Must. Dead!

Usc. Yes, truly.—He was the most abominable prophet I ever knew; for he swore, no later than yesterday, that he should live to see me bowstringed.

Must. Well, well—we wanted his craft to assist our councils—he will insure my favour, who procures another,—Kedah, (*to Ked.*) see to the procession.

[*Kedah beckons the Soldiers off.*]

Must. Come hither, Uscola.

Usc. My Lord—

Must. My slaves are all convinced, are they not, of the death of Ali Hassan—of the extirpation of his race, and are reconciled to me as his successor?

Usc. Certainly, master; as to his death, reports are various; but rumours, you know, bright Sun, will not bring a man that's dead to life.

Must. True.—(*Aside.*) They little imagine that Ali Hassan is now my prisoner in the
Castle

Castle of Pharos—his fate known to me only. If at my next visit he refuses to complete and sign the title to my usurpation, long since intended as his will, death shall seal his lips for ever. I have learned that Violetta, who resides with the English Chief, is the daughter of my prisoner—I will secure her, and then my usurpation cannot be shaken. (*Music.*)

Must. What sounds are these I hear?

Usc. (*Looking out.*) It is the Lady Zemira, the principal of your Zenana, returning from the baths with her attendants—your slave dare not look upon her countenance.

Must. Away then—I shall retire, and notice their conduct.

Enter ZEMIRA and Slaves.

CHORUS of Slaves.

'Tis to thee, lovely fair, for whom nature, so gay,
Has display'd all her charms, to cheer thy fond way,
That thy slaves, in delight, raise in chorus their voice,
To sing forth the praise of great Mustapha's choice.
May thy future hours be ne'er clouded by sorrow,
But the bliss of each day be surpass'd by the morrow!

Zem. For me, alas! no joys are left,
No mortal heaves a sigh;
Of all the sweets of love bereft,
Zemira longs to die.

'Tis to thee, &c.

Must. (*Discovers himself.*) Away with this idle merriment—sounds of cheerfulness suit not with the disposition of my mind.

Zem. My Lord, you were wont to chide me for being pensive—if this appearance of content offend you, then farewell joy.

THE EGYPTIAN FESTIVAL:

Must. How long is't since I raised you to the honour of being my chief consort?

Zem. The honour! (*Haughtily.*)

Must. Yes—the honour—I have said it.

Zem. It was on the day—

Must. That I was mad—it was a day accursed—

Zem. To me it was so: ere that fatal day my heart, my thoughts, and steps, were light.

Must. Then hear me, slave!

Zem. (*Indignantly.*) Slave!—Oh, bright angels of light, who hover over the sepulchre of my illustrious uncle, Ali Hassan, hear me not thus degraded.

Must. (*Tauntingly.*) Peace! they hear you not—I am going this day on a visit to the English Governor—there, the beautiful Violetta—

Zem. Is selected, I suppose, for your next victim—but beware—an indignant woman's stratagem may yet defeat your purpose—

Must. What, do you dare utter menaces?—Who am I?

Zem. One of the proud lords of the creation, as you style yourselves—but know, tyrant, he forfeits that title, who forgets the protection and tenderness due to a woman.

Must. Insolent slave!—Who waits there?
(*Enter Attendants.*) See that this lady (*to Zemira*) and her attendant, stir not beyond the walls of the western garden: when I return from the English Chief's, I shall issue further orders.

[*Exit.*

Zem.

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Zem. I read his intentions in his looks.—
My situation has made me desperate.

AIR.—ZEMIRA.

Ye spirits dark, ye fiends accurst,
Forth from your dreary confines burst,
And brand your torches dread ;
Convulsive anguish mar the rest
Of ev'ry TYRANT'S tortur'd breast,
Unknown to virtue bred :
But, chief, may Conscience's keen dart
Convert *his* proud obdurate heart
From which fair Mercy's fled. [Exeunt.]

SCENE—*An Apartment in the English
Governor's.*

Enter LONGBOW, Cook, and several Servants.
The latter heard talking before they enter.

Long. Clatter, clatter, go your tongues—
so confused and so noisy—that if I had as many
ears as a sheaf of corn, I should not be able to
comprehend you.

Serv. Well, Master Longbow—howsom-
ever—

Long. Hold you your peace, and don't ex-
pose your ignorance.—Now, lads, which
among you would wish for a little trouble?—
What, no answer?—have you no tongues in
your heads?—To-morrow we are to have the
most splendid entertainment that—

All. Entertainment, Mr. Longbow !

Long. Mention but the word dinner, feast,
or entertainment, and what a wonderful sym-
pathy

pathy there is between the idea and the muscles of the mouth—how naturally then it opens!—Cook, come hither; in a consultation of this nature, you are the first member of the cabinet.

Cook. Well, Sir; your commands?

Long. You know I am clerk of the kitchen, and on my shoulders rest the character, honour, and dignity of the feast. You know that the great Mustapha Muley Bey—the great Moon—no, no—the Sun of Egypt, as they style him, is to be a guest at the sumptuous entertainment.

Cook. Very good.

Long. Therefore, though thousands of miles distant from our country, let us give his Egyptian worship a specimen of English hospitality.

Cook. You but command, we shall not fail.

Long. Then, to surprise him, I would treat him in his own way. For our Egyptian guests I would have half a dozen nice young crocodiles—roast me some four fat buffaloes whole—a grilled camel at the sideboard—and then, in the middle, for the honour of old England, a plum-pudding, as large as one of the Pyramids.

Cook. Ah! Master Longbow, you've an excellent taste; and you'll have some hogsheds of sherbet, I presume?

Long. Oh! a whole deluge of it. Let it o'erflow like their own Nile; and, as these Musselmen

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Muffelmen drink no wine, doubtless we must
do double duty with the bottle.

AIR.—LONGBOW.

“ When I drink the purple juice,
“ Oh, what pleasure then is mine!
“ Wonders can the tree produce,
“ Sacred to the God of Wine.

“ When the flowing bowl I drain,
“ Rapt’rous joys the draught can give,
“ Then I’m free from care and pain,
“ Then alone I’m sure I live.

“ When I taste the luscious grape,
“ Ever happy, full of mirth,
“ I assume a nobler shape,
“ I’m the wisest dog on earth.

“ Ah! but when with wine I sip
“ That far sweeter cup of love,
“ Imag’d by my charmer’s lip,
“ Blest am I as Gods above.”

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE—*A Garden.*

Enter NIGRA.

Alas! poor me!—how have I been tossed to
and fro since I left my dear native country!
—Miffy very good to Nigra--but old Uscola
very bad, and always tease me.

BALLAD.—NIGRA.

Oh! red look’d the sun, on that sad, fatal day,
When poor me from my country white man tore away,
While wringing his hands, BAMBRA sigh’d on the shore,
“ My NIGRA, alas! is no more.”

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The sea it was troubled, and loud roar'd the wind,
 My heart too was troubled for him left behind;
 Then BAMBRA's hard lot all true lovers deplore,
 For he now, alas! is no more.

As the breeze swell'd the sea, so with grief swell'd his
 heart,
 For he vow'd that from NIGRA he'd ne'er live apart;
 So he plung'd in the sea, and far from the shore,
 He sunk, and, alas! is no more.

Enter USCOLA.

Usc. Ah! my sweet little Nigra.

Nigra. Oh, Master Uscola, don't confine
 poor mistress so; for then she say, she cannot
 go to mosque to find de sweet consolation in
 her piety.

Usc. Bewitching Syren, the great Mustapha
 will have it so;---if I dare act contrary to his
 commands I shall have my head shaved off
 with his scymetar. Come, smile on me, Ni-
 gra---one tender look would make me your
 eternal slave.

Nigra. Then I never will smile on thee,
 old man. (*Sighing.*) Poor Nigra was once
 slave herself, and like not to make slave of no-
 body.

Usc. What! and are you deaf to my tender
 protestations of love?

Nigra. Love! Silly old man!

Usc. Yes, love, to be sure. I love you for
 your simplicity because 'tis genuine---I love you
 for your mind because 'tis uncontaminated---
 and I love you for your colour because 'tis last-
 ing.

Nigra,

Nigra. This all nonsense to poor Nigra ;
but I have 'nother favour to ask of you.

Usc. A thousand, lovely nymph !—and all
shall be granted—(*aside*) if I please.

Nigra. It is to let very poor lad in at the
garden-gate to have talk wid Misses. You
may be present if you please—he says he has
something of consequence to say to her par-
tickler.

Usc. What ! let a man within the walls of
the Zenana !

Nigra. Where 's be de harm ? he be a
young man, and not old like you.

Usc. Ah, huffey ! what, do you banter ?—
Well, well, my word is pass'd, and I 'll not
recall it.

DUET.—USCOLA and NIGRA.

Usc. Oh ! my heart is fore wounded with love, I pro-
test,
For without you, dear damsel, I ne'er can be blest ;
To forget you I try,
But, may I soon die !
If ever I can be at rest !
No, no.—

Nig. O ! you restless old men are a plague and a pest,
Sure wid dem poor woman can never be blest ;
For dem fidget and scold,
Cough, wheeze, and are cold,
And never can dem be at rest.
No, no.—

Usc. You 're a jilt, Ma'am, I vow.

Nig. How him scold and swear now !

Usc. That you lov'd me these eyes oft have swore.

Nig. De be very bad eyes, to have told you such lies,
And you fool if you credit dem more.

[Exit Nigra.

USCOLA

USCOLA (*solus*).

Well—I will obey my dear, gentle mistress, which I think must gain me a kiss. But if I disobey my grum savage master, I may chance to lose my head. So will I also inform Mustapha.—Nigra's love, to be sure, would be a delicious luxury—but my head's an article of the first necessity. [Exit.]

Enter ZEMIRA.

Nigra delays longer than usual. The importunity of this young stranger to speak to me is unaccountable. He is poor, I'm told, and wretched; but these interest me the more in his favour. If possible, I'll hear what he has to disclose; and, if a deserving object, he shall not find me insensible to his misfortunes

Enter USCOLA and MURTEZA, the latter dressed meanly.

Usc. This way—this way—there is the lady! (*Aside.*) Now to inform Mustapha, and save my head.

Zem. Say, who art thou, aspiring youth, thus hazarding thy life by infringing the customs of the Zenana? Know'st thou not that detection leads to certain death?

Murt. Right, Lady, shrinks not before usurpation.

Zem. Right! didst thou say right?

Murt.

Murt. Yes ; right—from the lawful heir of Ali Hassan ; from the true successor to those provinces now usurped by Mustapha Bey, I have nought to apprehend.

Zem. You speak language unsuited to your appearance.

Murt. I speak in the language of truth ;—
(*sighs ;*) poor Murteza has had no other preceptor.

Zem. Murteza !

Murt. Yes, Zemira ; behold Murteza !—
Your kinsman Murteza now stands before you.

Zem. Oh, Providence ! how can this be ?

Murt. Immediately after the murder of my father, Ali Hassan, I fled from the scene of desolation and horror that visited our house. After being absent for years, I returned, and met with an honest friend who had long been attached to our family. With him I was not ashamed to work for my daily subsistence ; for he was too indigent to support me in idleness, and if he were not, I too proud to eat the bread of any man's labour. Hearing that Mustapha had quitted home on a visit to the English Chief, I seized the opportunity to disclose my tale, and to behold once more our house's pride, the fair Zemira.

Enter MUSTAPHA, KEDAH, and Guard behind.

Zem. Image of my departed uncle ! let me embrace thee. (*Going toward him.*)

Must. (*Rushes between them.*) Away !

shameless, faithless, forsworn woman! What! have I at last had proof of your infamy and my own dishonour?

Zem. There, tyrant! (*pointing to Murteza;*) look there, and behold a living proof of *your* infamy and *your* guilt.

Must. Monstrous assurance!—By our holy Prophet he shall suffer under new tortures!

Zem. When thou know'st him, 't is thou wilt endure new tortures.

Must. He shall die this instant. (*Catching his sword.*)

Zem. Die he shall not! (*Placing herself between them.*)

Must. What! do you brave my vengeance? Then have at your paramour's heart! (*Draws.*)

Zem. (*Seizes his arm.*) Look on thy sword, suffused with the blood of murdered innocents—look then on Heaven, (*looking up;*)—examine thy conscience, then strike if thou durst!

Must. Ha! (*Drops the point of his sword.*) She has unnerved me. (*Recovering*)—Speak! who is the wretch?

Murt. One born to wealth and power.

Zem. And worthy to possess them.

Must. Conduct this daring impostor to a dungeon, there to await my vengeance! (*Some of the Guards seize him.*)

Enter NIGRA.

Nigra. Spare—oh spare him, Massa.

Must.

Must. (*To Zemira.*) What! do you supplicate for him, and meanly too, through your slave? Drag him away!

Murt. Oh grant me patience, Heaven!
(*They take him off.*)

Must. (*To Zemira.*) Neither you nor your slave shall share a better fate. Guards, do your duty. Kedah, follow me. This night Violetta shall be mine. [*Exit.*]

Zem. I'll not disclose his history till the last extremity;—as for myself, I have long been prepared for his worst of cruelties.

Nigra. No fear, Missy; when you sleep, Nigra watch you—when you sick, she weep—and if Missy die, poor Nigra die too.

Zem. But his tyranny will even separate us.

DUET.---ZEMIRA and NIGRA.

The slaves, beneath a fervid sky,
Their native soil still mourn,
Ask, from their RADIANT GOD, to die,
That home they may return:

Thus must I mourn, from thee remov'd,
And anguish sole is mine,
But in each state by thee belov'd,
My heart shall beat to thine.

We part, perhaps, but for a while,
Then joy succeeds to pain,
Sweet as when in the sultry clime
The slave meets peace again.

Then welcome joy, and welcome glee,
And peace without alloy,
Where never-ceasing harmony
Our sufferings wake to joy.

[*Guards bear them off different ways.*]

SCENE

SCENE *changes to an Apartment in the English Governor's.*

Enter Governor and VIOLETTA.

Gov. Why so melancholy, Violetta; and on a day too set apart for pleasure and amusement?

Viol. Indeed, Sir, I regret that any thing in my demeanour should require explanation. Your unbounded goodness must have removed this depression on my spirits, if I had not one unceasing cause for reflection, the mystery in which my birth is involved.

Gov. I have long been distressed to conceal it from you; but am now at liberty to disclose what you desire.—In the tumults which some years ago distracted the neighbouring provinces, the English force was called in to stop the desolating progress of civil war—Heaven and their arms were victorious.

Viol. So I have heard, Sir.

Gov. It was then that the Seraglio and its lofty turrets—that magnificent structure, the pride and glory of the country—was set on fire by the torch of anarchy. In a superb apartment adjoining the baths, just as the flames burst in at the windows, the cries of an infant were heard.—

Viol. Alas! poor child!

Gov. At that instant a British grenadier burst into the apartment, and with one well-directed blow

blow laid the incendiary at his feet—when rushing through the flames, he bore off the infant triumphant in one hand, whilst in the other he exhibited to his commander certain jewels which he considered as the property of the child.

Viol. Brave, generous soldier!

Gov. He was soon raised to a command worthy of his merits; and the necklace and bracelets rescued from the common wreck——

Viol. (*Impatiently.*) Well, Sir!

Gov. Are those which now you wear.

Viol. Why then should they adorn my person?

Gov. Justice instructs me that they should be yours.

Viol. Mine, your Excellency!

Gov. Yes, Violetta, you were that child.

Viol. Merciful Providence! (*Weeps.*)

Gov. Your helpless situation presented an effectual appeal to British feeling. You were saved from the common wreck of war—carried to England, and there educated, and have now returned, where I have learned that you are the daughter of Ali Hassan.

Viol. Of Ali Hassan! My heart o'erflows with gratitude. Oh, Sir! you have reared me as your child—(*kisses his hand*)—and indeed I feel for you the affection of a daughter.

Gov. My son Boomly—

Viol. Alas, poor Boomly!

Gov. You sigh, my child, whenever his name is mentioned.

Viol.

Viol. You know, Sir, we were educated together; and there can be nothing wrong in my wishing him safely arrived from England. (*Wipes her eyes.*)

Gov. No, truly. (*Takes her by the hand.*) I should be the last to check the tear of sensibility;—but come, the fête is ready to commence. We shall expect to see you cheerful. [*Exit.*

Viol. Ah me!

AIR.—VIOLETTA.

Calm, as the bosom of the main,
When Halcyons build their nest,
Will be, when I my love regain,
This poor, fond, trembling breast.

But not more troubled are the waves,
When roaring thunders roll,
Than is, while he the ocean braves,
My ever-aching fowl.

Yet, O return, ye happy days,
Which love and joy impart;
Let me once more enraptur'd gaze,
And press him to my heart. [*Exit.*

Enter LONGBOW *and* USCOLA.

Long. Well, but shall we be sworn brothers if I give you t'other flask in a fly corner after the banquet?

Usc. By Mahomet we will!

Long. By Mahomet and the bottle! Come, swear by the bottle!

Usc. I can't swear by an empty bottle. Why, Master Longbow, you might needs think it

but a hollow oath, if I swore by an empty bottle—so let's have another full one, and I'll swear by it to the last drop.

Long. But will you tell me more of your master's secrets?

Usc. By this light you shall know them all! aye—and for what pranks he has ordered me to find him a new rogue of a soothsayer.

Long. In want of a soothsayer—oh! oh! (*Aside.*) Well, after the banquet, my dear friend: we should be caught now. You know you come to announce the guests, and are but just before them.

Usc. Grant me patience, Mahomet! that you and I should part, with an empty bottle!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to a View of a beautiful Country.—The Governor's Pavilion—and a distant View of the Arab Camp on Fire.

Enter the Governor and VIOLETTA from the Pavilion, meeting an Officer and Suite.

Gov. I am pleased to hear that we have offered no injury to these native wanderers.—(*Pointing to the camp.*) Who can have caused yonder devastation?

Off. I perceived yesterday a tribe of Arabs had encamped there; probably, your Excellency, Mustapha Bey has fallen in with them, and set their camp on fire.

Gov. It must be so ;—yet, though Mustapha Bey attends our feast, I have cause to believe that he is in secret leagued with our ambitious foe, the new invader of this land. (*Musfic behind.*) Hark ! the music of the Mamelukes announces the approach of our guests.

Enter a Procession of Mamelukes, MUSTAPHA in the rear—they open their ranks, and draw up at each side of the Stage. MUSTAPHA approaches the Governor, who receives him with the usual formalities.

Gov. Illustrious Sir ! we thank you for this visit ;—but where is the Lady Zemira ?

Must. Sudden indisposition, which requires confinement, prevents her coming ; but the presence of the fair Violetta will in a great measure (*sighing*) console me for the absence of my beloved Zemira.

Gov. Believe me, I regret the cause.

Viol. You please to flatter, Sir ; but indeed it would be no easy task to find a proper substitute for so much worth and virtue.

Gov. Come, Sir, permit us to conduct you to the pavilion.

[*The Governor, Mustapha, Violetta, and Kedah, exeunt at the head of the Procession to the same march that they entered.*]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

A C T II.

SCENE—*A Heath—a Ruin on one side. Several Arabs are discovered at a fire, taking refreshment.*

Enter Governor and Soldiers, meeting Officers and Attendants in haste.

Governor.

WHITHER has the tyrant fled?—Are the cavalry dispatched to recover Violetta?

Off. Yes, your Excellency, and are impatient to punish the tyrant for the outrage. The people, too, in the neighbouring town, hearing of Mustapha Bey, are preparing to assist in the recovery of the fair Violetta.

(Trumpets without.)

Gov. I thank them. Proceed, my friends, in the pursuit; and may our arms be victorious in proportion as assuredly our cause is just.

[Exeunt Officers and Soldiers.]

YEZID, the Chief of the Arabs, approaches the Governor.

Yez. I have consulted my tribe. They wish with me to form an alliance with the brave English,

English, to punish their enemy, Mustapha Muley Bey.

Gov. We accept their offer, and receive them henceforth as friends. His daring conduct in carrying off my ward by force, while enjoying our hospitality, is an act of such brutal outrage, that it shall be followed by exemplary punishment.

Yez. Oh ! the tyrant is renowned for such exploits. We saw him fly before your cavalry, and would have joined in the pursuit had we known the cause.

Gov. Before to-morrow's sun descends we shall punish him for this aggression. [*Exit.*]

Yez. Let the bugle sound to summon our warriors together. (*Bugle sounds—the Arabs approach, and arrange themselves behind their Commander, and draw their scymetars.*)

SONG and CHORUS.

Yez. As when through deserts desolate and wide,
In numbers strong the hardy trav'lers go,
Sudden the sands on whirlwinds dreadful ride,
Rush o'er the host, and bury all below !

So when the field the troops of Muley gain,
Instant we'll rise, and soon, in proud array,
Move our firm columns o'er the martial plain,
O'erwhelming all that dare oppose our way.

Chorus.—We'll fight ! we'll fight ! we'll fight !
Till death or vict'ry crown the day !

SCENE

SCENE—*The Outside of the Tyrant's Castle.*

Enter LONGBOW, *disguised as a Turk.*

Long. Well, I think I plied the bottle to some purpose;—that drunken Muffulman, Uscola, has let me into all his master's secrets—and now, like a knight-errant, have I undertaken a most perilous enterprise. It is for a good object, however; and I am resolved to get a higher fame than belongs to my occupation. Here is the castle!—Egad! it will puzzle me much to fill the important office of soothsayer to Mustapha. In case of necessity, however, I shall retain my English dress under my new uniform. If I can but rescue poor Violetta, how I shall be thanked by the Governor, and how rewarded by my own feelings!

Enter USCOLA, *drunk.*

Usc. That Master Longbow is a very pleasant, good sort of a fellow—open, and without disguise.

Long. Hem! I hope you'll continue to think so. (*Aside.*)

Usc. Wine is a great warmer of the heart, and a prodigious comforter of the mind;—then it is a mighty improver of the understanding—I feel twice as kind-hearted, and as wise again as when I was sober—O, 'tis a precious inven-

invention! — (*Discovers Longbow.*) Who have we got here?

Long. How sublime is the study of the planets! (*Looking up.*)

Usc. The planets—oh, some astrologer, I suppose! But how can you see the stars by day?

Long. Silence, infidel! we prophets and astrologers are always in the dark.

SONG.—LONGBOW.

Whate'er the lover's tale may be,
I quickly can divine,
For when the ZODIAC I see,
I mark 'em in the *sign*.

Thus CANCER, CAPRICORNUS, LEO,
TAURUS, GEMINI, or SCORPIO,
ARIES, PISCES, SAGITTARIUS,
LIBRA, VIRGO, or AQUARIUS,
Tell me true, by beast or fish,
All and every thing I wish.

The soldier, there, in LEO bows,
And soon the virgin wins;
The VIRGIN offers up her vows
To GEMINI—the TWINS.

Thus CANCER, &c.

But married once, (ah! should I blab
A truth so pitiful?)
I find the lady in the CRAB,
The husband in the BULL.

Thus CANCER, &c.

Long. Ha! I like not that conjunction of Jupiter and Venus. (*Looking up.*)

Usc.

Usc. Mighty Sir! are you one of those great soothsayers who know every thing?

Long. I know that you have been fool'd by a fellow of the name of Longbow.

Usc. (*Aside.*) Where the devil should he know that?

Long. I also know that you are drunk.

Usc. Well, this is more astonishing! What a wonderful man!—Sir, you must know I am in love, and would wish to ask——

Long. I know it; thou'rt enamour'd of a black-eyed wench, and in love with wine. Like a true Mussulman, take both; for you will find one absolutely necessary for the support of the other.

Usc. More wonderful still—he must be the devil himself!—And so I will, incomparable astrologer! Say, most noble Soothsayer, what makes us honoured with this visit?

Long. The death of my predecessor, whom I predicted, though one thousand miles distant, would have died yesterday.

Usc. So he did, renowned sage. Say, what's your will, most wonderful prophet?

Long. My will is, that you show me into the palace of your master, Mustapha—say to him, He who converses with the stars, and holds communication with the moon—say to him, that Ben Ali Mahomet Aboujouca Imposso, would——

Usc. Hold—stay—prythee stop—I sha'n't be able to remember half what you've said. (*Catches him by the skirt.*)—Eh! what, master

ter Conjuror, are you at your tricks?—Why, the ground moves under me as if there was a sort of a gentle earthquake—and, holloa! now you are making all the things go round.

Long. No such thing; 'tis only your drunken head turning round on its axis.

Usc. So—so—(*hiccup, speaking to himself*)—here are the keys of the prisons. I must be careful. I feel somewhat tired (*yawns*) and sleepy.

Long. Oh! oh! I must secure the keys! (*Aside.*) Come, Sir, I'll assist you. (*Supports him off.*)

Usc. (*Yawning.*) Ben Ali—Ben Abjouca—Ben Imposo. (*Yawns.*) Oh, dear! this way! I'll introduce you—never had so great an inclination to sleep in all my life.

[*Falls asleep on the arm of Longbow, who steals the keys. Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to a Dungeon, with Doors leading to separate Apartments.

NIGRA sings from the Prison, and ZEMIRA answers from behind.

DUET.—NIGRA and ZEMIRA.

Nig. Hear my sad plaint! oh! pity my anguish!

For here, alas! am I doom'd to languish.

Zem. Sweet Hope alone can ease my sorrow,
And make me patient wait the morrow.

Enter LONGBOW.

Long. The voice issued from that cell.
Here

Here are old Uscola's keys. I don't feel overvaliant in this enterprize; but I'll enlarge the captive however. (*Unlocks the door.*) Come forth, thou fairest of angels! (*Nigra enters.*)—What!—

Nigra. You start, Sir!

Long. Not so fair either.—Now to go in search of Madam Violetta—I'll be back instantly.

[*Exit.*

Nigra. Methought me hear my Misses voice—I'll sing again in hope she hear me.

Enter ZEMIRA.

Both. While thus my joy confessing,
What pleasure feels my heart,
Again my friend possessing,
We never more will part.

Re-enter LONGBOW.

Long. All my pursuit is vain.—(*To Zemira.*)
Is that Madam Violetta?

Zem. No—but one who sympathizes in her suffering.

Long. The Lady Zemira!—

Zem. Yes, come to assist the prisoners. Say, generous stranger, to whom will my friends be indebted for their liberty?

Long. Indebted! say not indebted, Lady;—I am a Briton—a free-born man—and should dishonour my birthright if I did not ever show myself a friend to the liberty of others.

E

Nigra.

Nigra. Good man—youder's poor Murteza's prisons—you'll give him liberty too.

Long. To be sure I will.—(*Shows the keys.*) Here's my commission of Oyer and Terminer, and now we proceed to a general jail delivery.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE—*An Apartment in the Governor's.*

Enter Governor and JACKINA—the latter dressed as a Sailor.

Gov. I am happy that the ship has reached its destination—the captain and the brave crew will soon have an opportunity of again showing their valour.

Jack. Your Excellency can't do them a greater favour—our hearts are as stout as the ribs of our ship. We love fighting as well as we love our lasses—and when at sea, why we consider seeing an enemy all one as if we were towing him into port.

Gov. Well, my brave little fellow, and I hope such will ever be the gallant sentiment of British tars.

Jack. And so it will, Governor, as long as there's a can of salt-water in the ocean. Pray, Sir, may I ask, if one Longbow be in your service?

Gov. Yes; but he is now on rather a perilous service. I must go and read over the dispatches, and await the arrival of my son Boomly.

[*Exit.*]

Jack.

Jack. Alas ! all my fortitude is fled on hearing that my dear love has been sent on a service of danger.

AIR.—JACKINA.

Oh ! pies on this fighting, this terrible war ;
It has robb'd me of Willy, that true hearted tar,
Who kifs'd me so sweet, and again and again :
It has robb'd me of Willy, the dearest of men !

So I left my country, thus dress'd as a boy,
To go follow my Willy, my life and my joy ;
Though I lov'd my dad, and he fondly lov'd me,
He was not half so dear to me, Willy, as thee. [*Exit.*

SCENE—*The Chamber of Pleasure.*

The Tyrant is seated on a cushion—VIOLETTA is seated on his right hand—three Slaves in the attitudes of Dancers are pressing her to take sweetmeats, which she refuses.

CHORUS of Women.

AIR.

Hail, lovely fair ! supremely blest ;
In blifs thy future hours shall move,
No care shall reach the happy breast
Our mighty monarch deigns to love.

Yes, here in pleasure shalt thou reign,
In us, thou nought but love shalt view ;
And, though a captive, ne'er complain—
Thy conqueror is a captive too.

(After the Chorus, enter the Dancers with wreaths of flowers.)

A Dance.

Must. (*Rises.*) Fairest of women, thou seest the hundreds of slaves ready to pay thee homage on becoming my favourite, and the chief of my Seraglio.

Viol. The respect drawn from terror is only fitting for tyrants to enjoy. To exalt the mind, not to debase it, is to Britons the greatest source of happiness.—Why force me to repeat—that I hate your character—I detest your morals—I abominate your cruelty, and despise you for your treachery? Can you then have the meanness to supplicate the hand of her who treats you thus? (*Indignantly.*) The chief of your Seraglio!—I scorn it!

Must. Know you not the punishment that awaits such daring language?—the loss of that tongue by which it is uttered.

Viol. I believe it;—the barbarity of the punishment must ensure it the preference of your practice.

Must. Insolent woman!—do you suppose that you are not in my power if I think fit to exercise it?

Viol. And, coward, think you not that there's such a thing as retribution?

Must. Who dare call the great Mustapha Muley Bey to account?

Viol. Your superiors in this world, who will revenge my wrongs—and that Power in the next, who is ever the watchful guardian of offended virtue.

Must. Away, my slaves!—(*they exeunt.*)—
Now,

Now, indignant woman! where is your resource?

Viol. In my constancy to Boomly, whom I will never desert—in my fortitude—in my honour.

Must. I'll hear no more! you are in my power, and thus I use it. (*Catching hold of her.*)

Viol. Help!—help!—and release me from this ruffian!

Enter MURTEZA, who rushes between them.

Must. Ha! what means this intrusion?

Murt. I heard the cries of a female in distress—I rushed to her aid—(*tauntingly*;) for I know *your* gallantry, illustrious Bey, would not suffer an unprotected woman to be insulted within the walls of your palace.

Must. What ho!—my guards!—(*Enter Guards.*) Treason is abroad, and breasts us under our very roof. What, Madam! is this your knight-errant in disguise? and do I behold a rival in my slave?

Viol. My contempt for such language can only be exceeded by the gratitude which I feel to this brave stranger, my generous deliverer.

Must. I'll hear no more!—let them be separated. (*Guards seize them.*) You, Sir, to your dungeon—you, Madam, to your chamber.—Bear her away.

Viol. Any where from your detested presence!

[*Exeunt Violetta and a few of the Guards.*

Must.

Must. Now, presuming youth ! say who art thou ? or thou dy'st this instant.

Murt. The rightful heir of those provinces which you now usurp.

Must. (*To his Slaves.*) Away ! I must deceive him, or all is lost—(*Aside.*)—(*Looks at him.*) It is e'en so—Image of my long-lost benefactor, let me embrace thee !—

Murt. No more—I cannot be fooled into a belief of thy sincerity. Where is my father ?

Must. Know you not that he was inhumanly murdered ?

Murt. Murdered !

Must. Yes ; basely murdered !—I had the assassin seized and cast into a dank and dreary dungeon, there to eke out a miserable existence.

Murt. But what could prompt him to the cruel deed ?

Must. To revenge some supposed offence—and he is now—

Murt. Where ?

Must. Confined in the castle of Pharos. This poignard—(*Shows one.*)

Murt. Well !—

Must. Should avenge a murdered father.

Murt. It shall !—

Must. That done, I will restore you your country, and be the first to pay you public, as I now do private homage. Take this dagger—justice guide your arm—be secret and resolved. This ring will gain you admittance to his dungeon. Take the dagger !

Murt. Quick ! give me the fatal instrument.
A father's

A father's spirit cries aloud for justice ! it shall be heard !—This heart beats not in unison with filial duty, did not my vengeance, quick as the lightning's flash, strike on the instant this detested fiend, this vile assassin. [*Exit.*

Must. Shallow boy !—how easily is he become the dupe of my fiction !—The deed done, I shall issue my mandate to the keeper of the prison, not to suffer him to survive the act.

Enter KEDAH.

Kedah. My Lord, my tongue falters while I utter the sad tidings—the English, guided by some Arabs, have driven in our outposts, and they are now besieging the feeble fortrefs between us and destruction.

Must. Then we must fly from the Seraglio !—let Violetta and all our treasure be conveyed to the castle of Pharos—that fortrefs is impregnable against their attacks by land. Immersed in blood—guilt, Kedah, is familiar to us. Let us not shrink then from noble daring—and should we fall, havoc and devastation shall mark our ruin ! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to a View of the Country.

Enter MAINSTAY and Sailors, one with a keg, &c.

Main. Come, lads, we have cleared the decks ; and do you mind, as we are just arrived

in this quarter of the globe, 'tis necessary we keep drunkenness at cable length.

Enter a Sailor.

Sail. Glad I've found you, Master Mainstay. My messmates have shipped their grog—all hands are ordered on board—we are going to bombard the enemy's fortress. Damme, if we drive the Mamelukes into the sea, they'll be in a precious pickle.

Main. Then to our duty—here's our favourite toast—"A stout ship, and an enemy in view."

SONG.—MAINSTAY.

The sailors, bold, at dangers smile;
With jocund note, each day are found
To sing, amid their rudest toil,
Responsive to the storms around:

For, like the billows, swell their hearts
With courage, as the compass true,
When from the topmast Jack imparts,
"A sail, a sail, now heaves in view."

No dangers dread that sailor's mind,
Who cheerful seeks an honest fame,
For he ALOFT a Friend will find,
Whose country's good his deeds proclaim.

For, like, &c.

SCENE

SCENE—*A Dungeon in the Castle of Pharos—
a wretched bed—a lamp glimmering on the
table—ALI HASSAN sitting on the bedside
in a contemplative posture, hearkening to the
song of the Pearl-seekers at the base of the
Castle.*

CHORUS of *Pearl-seekers behind.*

Where blooms the never-dying rose,
Blest shade of Ali still repose—

GREAT and GOOD ALI!

Ali. Oh, music! who can feel the influence of thy powers, but those who have been relieved by thee in their sorrows, and soothed by thee in their anguish? These generous sounds, proceeding from the pearl-seekers beneath, are the daily and only consolation of me, their captive prince. They conceive that I am dead, and chaunt forth their praises in their evening and morning song.—(*Rising.*) Oh, man!—short-sighted man!—What a mockery is life!—how transient its joys! how bitter its vicissitudes!—Here am I, imprisoned by an usurper, while my enslaved friends think me consigned to the tomb of my ancestors. Oh, fatal delusion to their happiness and my repose!—Now, e'en now, the tyrant gluts himself in the boundless luxury of my palace, whilst I am doomed to inhale the vapours of my dungeon, and drag the lengthened
F chain

chain of misery. But away with this!—Philosophy can lift the mind above such worldly contrast. My children!—my poor Violetta!—*(Returns to his bed.)* Ah! that reflection sinks deep into my soul—oh! my children!—*(Flings himself on the bed.)*

Enter MURTEZA, JAFFA *at a distance with a lamp.*

Murt. Were not these the accents of sorrow that I heard? Oh! the maledictions of Heaven fall heavy on the head of the murderer!—A murderer!—horrible thought! the mind revolts at it:—a parent slain demands the vengeance of a son—Hold!—sudden revenge is excusable, but cowardice alone impels the dagger of cold assassination.—*(Approaches the bed.)* I'll not do't—I'll to the culprit—rouse him from his reflections, and give him that power to defend his life which he denied my father. *(Takes up the lamp.)* What ho! rise, murderer!

Ali. I'll not bequeath you my provinces—strike, tyrant, for I am prepared.

Murt. What can this mean? it is not the voice of tyranny, but the voice of justice that thou hear'st—rise, then, and answer for thy crimes.—*(Holds up the dagger in one hand, the lamp in the other.)*

Ali. Didst thou say justice? then Ali Hassan fears not to front thee.

Murt.

Murt. (*Starts—discovers his father—drops the lamp—Jaffa approaches, and places his between them.*)—Oh God! is this the mockery of existence?

Ali. Speak!—Art thou not my son?

Murt. I am—I am thy son and thy deliverer—
—Oh my father! (*They embrace.*)

Ali. Say, my boy, how camest thou here?

Murt. The story would but freeze thy soul.
Say—what's to be done?

Jaffa. My noble prisoner, until now, was unknown to me; else at the hazard of my life I would effect his escape.—This paper (*shows one*) is a mandate from Mustapha Bey, desiring me instantly, on your destroying your good and venerable father, to stab you to the heart, and then cast your bodies into the sea.

Murt. Merciless, inhuman monster!

Ali. Announce me then alive, and this old arm shall take just vengeance on this detested tyrant.

Jaffa. The time is not yet ripe for such disclosure—there are outer guards who are spies on me.

Murt. What then remains?

Jaffa. Here is a subterraneous passage known only to me—it leads to the sea: its entrance at the other extremity is at the base of the castle, impervious to the eye. Proceed thither with this lamp, while I lay plans for your future escape—be patient and secure.

Murt. Come then, my father; trust with

me thy cause. In me behold no tardy minister of vengeance. A father's wrongs now raise my lifted arm—and heavy shall it fall on its oppressor.

Jaffa. (They descend—music plays till the dropping of the curtain—Jaffa remains on the stage, looking feelingly as they descend.) Great Allah be your guide!

CHORUS.

Where blooms the never-dying rose,
Blest shade of Ali still repose---
GREAT and GOOD ALI!

(Curtain falls slowly to the Music.)

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT

A C T III.

SCENE—*Another Apartment in the Castle—an Arch, inside of which is an Iron Gate, at the sides Iron Gates also—at the top of the arch a Gallery, with Stairs at each side.—Bell tolls—Stage dark.*

Enter a Procession of Women down each side of the Gallery. ZEMIRA in Chains, preceded by Priests, Executioners, Attendants, &c. The Women descend to plaintive music. ZEMIRA and Attendants enter through the archway, and are joined by the Women.—Her Attendants with torches.

CHORUS of Women.

HOW plaintive sounds the passing-bell,
 Along the lengthen'd vale !
 Responsive to the solemn knell,
 Let sorrow tell her tale.

She goes, she goes, to death's cold grave,
 From us for ever torn ;
 That life, alas ! we cannot save,
 That life in vain we mourn.

Priest. Lady, the cruel task is mine to inform you that—(*wipes his eyes.*) Alas ! I cannot

cannot speak—my feelings deny me utterance.

Zem. Sage, speak out—I am prepared to hear the worst. I can look upon this idle pageant with a smile of composure.

Priest. Then hear me, gentle Zemira;—the great Mustapha has doomed you to death, On a signal given you must die—but it is my duty to sooth you in your afflictions.

Zem. Afflictions! Go tell your tyrant that all the punishments he can inflict will not force from me a sigh. Tell him, the brave son of Ali Hassan still survives, and bid him tremble.

Priest. We dare not—woe to the tongue that would utter such a slander!

Zem. Slander! think'st thou then, that Zemira can be instructed by that tongue which fears to be employed in the language of truth?

AIR.—ZEMIRA.

Adieu the splendid haunts of scornful pride and power,
The gilded palace, and the lofty tower.
The pageant suite---the flower-enamell'd dell:
Ye shady groves and crystal streams, farewell!
To happier scenes I go---that peaceful bourne,
Where virtue ceases evermore to mourn.

Priest. The time approaches fast, Lady. Off with these chains. (*They take them off.*)

Zem. Then let it come—and now, ye agents of death, do your duty. (*They put the bow-string round her neck—the gong sounds.*)

Enter

Enter ALI HASSAN, MURTEZA, and Fishermen.

Murt. Hold, monster ! he dies who does that Lady an injury. (*Rushes between them.*)

Priest. Intemperate youth ! dare you oppose the will of the great Mustapha ?

Murt. I dare oppose the will of a tyrant ! See the father of his people restored to you his children—and he ordains that innocence sha'n't suffer. (*Pointing to his father.*)

Zem. Merciful Heaven !

Ali. Oh, Zemira ! (*Looking at her.*) To behold you is a blessing—but to have saved your life is pleasure unutterable. And now, are you disposed to acknowledge me your lawful Prince ?

Priest. Your slave acknowledges his honoured master ; but the castle is filled with the troops of the usurper—suffer us, if possible, to depart from this fortress, or we must perish.

Ali. Fear not : these honest—these faithful fellows, have a communication with the sea—from thence we shall receive succours. To the care of a chosen few we'll consign Zemira and her followers, while we assert our rights. What says my son ?

Murt. That those who fight beneath the banner of truth, have the power of legions to support them. Our friends are few, but our cause is just—unanimity and perseverance will ensure us victory.

[*Exeunt.*]

THE EGYPTIAN FESTIVAL:

SCENE—*A Chamber in a Castle.**Enter USCOLA.*

I should like much to have my friend the Englishman here, to keep up my spirits during the bustle of war; but as for that astrologer, I'll not sleep till I punish him for the trick he played me. I was always a great friend to good eating, and now Master Longbow has made me a convert to the bottle. Oh, he's a clever fellow! and would make a capital master of the ceremonies to our Festival.

SONG.

Though fortune's fav'ring breezes fan,
 And grant us all our wishes,
 Yet short would be the life of man,
 An 'twere not for the dishes,
 Nice eat the fishes O!
 Sav'ry are the dishes O!
 The sweetest hours that e'er I pass
 Are pass'd among the dishes O!

And next to them the happiest time,
 I lead among the lasses;
 Then want I music! sweetly chime
 The jingling of the glasses.
 These are my wishes O!
 These are my wishes O!
 To pass my jolly days among
 The lasses, glasses, dishes O!

Enter LONGBOW, guarded.

Usc. Hah! rogue — renegade — releaser of prisoners, have I you at last secure?

Long.

Long. But hear—just hear what I have to say in my defence.

Usc. Your defence ! what have I to say to your defence ? My ears are shut against you—*(goes to one of the iron gratings ;)* but the prison shall be soon open to receive you.—*(Thrusts him in, and locks the door.)* There—there's room for meditation—*(goes to the grate)*—'tis fine and gloomy—ha ! ha ! ha ! if you can't see the planets now, why blame the thickness of the walls.—*(Coming from the prison, and returning.)* And I say, if you want more straw, why you must do without it.—Now, slaves—*(to the Attendants ;)* you may go see what the Aga wants. *(Exeunt Slaves.)*—And do you hear, if you conjure yourself out of that dungeon, why then I say, you are a greater conjurer than I took you for.

Long. *(Appears at the bars without his beard and Turkish dress.)* Master Uscola—Master Uscola—I have been calling you ever since you lock'd me in ; but you talk'd so much yourself that you did n't hear me.

Usc. Well, what do you want ?

Long. Why, you've lock'd me in.

Usc. Lock'd you in ! well, to be sure I have ; I know that.

Long. I would not serve you such a trick ; and I would as soon be lock'd up with Old Nick as with this old conjurer.

Usc. Eh ! why, you must be a strange fellow that don't like your own company.

Long. You liked it once well enough—do you forget the old Madeira?

Usc. No, damme if I do!

Long. Nor your friend Longbow? Why I am he!

Usc. Eh! what! it certainly is he, sure enough—mercy o'me! how came you there?

Long. Why you must know, that I have just brought dispatches by a flag of truce to your master from the Governor; so having delivered them, I—I—inquired, my good friend, after you.

Usc. Well——

Long. So being fond, you know, of a joke, I followed you—and as you were talking with this abominable soothsayer, I popt in here to surprise you—and, egad! before I knew where you were, you surprised me by locking me in.

Usc. Poor fellow! I beg a thousand pardons; but 'tis a very bad joke to joke yourself into prison. Come, come—here, squeeze through the door, lest the cunning dog should avail himself of the opportunity, and steal out also. (*Longbow squeezes out.*)

Long. Never was so happy to shake my friend by the hand before. (*Turns, and speaks through the grating.*) Ah! you infernal old impostor—rogue—villain—I am happy to be rid of such company. You see the sulky dog won't answer me; he wouldn't speak a word if you were to stay here all night.

Usc. Never mind that. (*Speaking through the*

the grating.) You shall have your bread and water-melon regularly:—but you've (*to Long-bow*) left your hat in the prison, I'll go and fetch it.

Long. My hat! oh lord, ay! so I have.

Usc. I'll fetch it for you.

Long. Will you? I'm sure I'm much obliged to you. He has left the keys in the doors. (*Aside.*)

Usc. To be sure I will—Lord, you may take cold. Ha! ha! ha! such a comical adventure—to lock my friend up with that old rogue of a conjurer—I'll be back directly. (*Going into the prison.*)

Long. (*Locking him in, and taking the keys.*) There now, you may keep the conjurer company. You are not only welcome to the hat, but the cloak and beard into the bargain. Now to release Violetta.

Usc. (*Through the grating.*) Why, holloa! you have locked me in!

Long. To be sure I have—ha! ha! ha!—and let the conjurer out—ha! ha! ha! I did not think you stood in need of his wit to tell you that—ha! ha! ha! [*Exit.*]

Usc. Why, but you'll let me out? Holloa!

SCENE—*A distant View of the Fortress.*

Enter Governor and BOOMLY.

Gov. Oh, my son! your arrival at this conjuncture makes me doubly happy. The cas-

tle in which the tyrant has taken refuge bids defiance to a siege by land. You perceive its situation—our hopes rest on you and your brave crew, to restore Violetta, and to punish the tyrant.

Boom. They shall not be disappointed. Give my brave fellows but a fair wind and clear decks, and soon shall the loud eloquence of British thunder convince the tyrant, that the dominion of the ocean is reserved for those alone, who never agitate its bosom fighting in a bad cause.

Gov. Bravely spoken, my boy! I have just learned that the gun-boats are refitted and ready for the attack—proceed to your command on board the Lion, while I go and give audience to the officers. [Exit.

Boom. Adieu; but who comes yonder? a female, and of no mean condition. I'll retire. Can it be Violetta who has made her escape? Would to Heaven that it were!

Enter NIGRA.

Nigra. Oh, how I long for Missy come. Since we escape, my poor heart flutters like little bird in cage, and would fain fly out of my bosom.

NIGRA.

Light beat my heart, since we be free,

My lady pleas'd

No more be teas'd,

Den ever happy we shall be,

While waters run, and winds him blow,

And clank, clank, clank, merry cymbals go,

And clank, &c.

My

My soul him fill'd wid joy to see,
I tread on air,
Am free from care,
And lady happy too as me.
While waters, &c.

Enter ZEMIRA, veiled.

Nigra. Oh, Missy ! me so glad to see you escaped from the tyrant.

Boom. Escaped from the tyrant ! it must be Violetta—I'll speak to her. Madam, you seem alarmed. (*Discovers himself.*)

Zem. Indeed I am——

Boom. You said you escaped from the tyrant. (*Aside.*) She knows me not.

Zem. I did, Sir.

Nigra. Oh ! the tyrant be the worst of all bad man, to abandon one so true, so faithful to him.

Boom. Faithful to him ! Confusion ! (*Aside.*)

Nigra. How wild him look !

Zem. Sir, suffer me to take my leave.

Boom. Faithless woman ! you shall not till I have an explanation.

Nigra. Him surely mad !

Zem. You seem an Englishman, and a gentleman : recollect, to add to the miseries of the already unfortunate, is not the characteristic of your country.

Boom. There she half confesses—oh misery ! Whither shall I go ! what can compose me !

Nigra.

Nigra. Go to sleep—him be very good for your complaint.

Zem. What can this mean?

Boom. Oh, Violetta! do you really forget your Boomly?

Nigra. This is Madam Zemira; poor Lady Violetta is now confined in fortrefs in sea, where she expects the brave English to her aid.

Zem. And (*unveiling*) from whence we have fled to escape destruction.

Boom. First to deliver you to the care of a friend and protector, and then to fly, swift as the wind, to the deliverance of Violetta.

Nigra. Poor gentleman! him senses now come back again.

TRIO.---ZEMIRA, NIGRA, and BOOMLY.

Zem. & Nig. Never absent from us be
Smiling joys of Liberty.

Boom. Now shall Freedom's genial ray
Ever light you on your way.

Zem. & Nig. To cherish Freedom and the fair,
Is Britons' boast, is Britons' care.

Boom. We no tyrant will obey,
But sweet Beauty's sovereign sway.

Zem. & Nig. Now the despot's fate draws near,
Boom. Whom to punish here I swear.

Zem. & Nig. To valour, justice, honour true,
Boom. Our vengeful arms shall him pursue.

Zem. & Nig. Cheering Hope, expand your pinions,
Shield our friends from fell despair;

Boom. While we seize on his dominions,
And give them to the rightful heir.

All.

All. Justice now our cause inspiring,
Sweet revenge our bosoms firing,
Dangers vanish from the eyes,
When HEAVEN guides the enterprise.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter JACKINA.

This Longbow is such a restless being, that for the life of me I can't find him, though I have visited all his haunts. He's alive, however, and that's some consolation to me, whose attachment remains unalterable; but here he comes. (*Walks up the stage.*)

Enter LONGBOW.

Long. How affairs of state puzzle a man's head, when 't is only just large enough to hold a small portion of common sense! Ah! (*Sees Jackina.*) What, my little man of war! and from old England too? How left you all honest messmates there? and how do you do yourself?

Jack. Pretty well, Sir, for a lad who has left his heart in the possession of another—but yours——

Long. Would, if it were as large as a dramedary's, and cut into ounce pieces, be disposed of long ago.

Jack. Indeed!

Long. Yes, indeed; could n't avoid it. Being sent on an embassy to Mustapha Bey, I was instantly made prophet extraordinary—presented with a brace of elephants—four

mummies—appointed keeper of crocodiles—created a lord of the Pyramids—and became the adored of fifteen wives.

Jack. Fifteen wives ! my Lord of the Pyramids ! And had you never a sweetheart in your own country ?

Long. Why no ; there was a sprightly wench there—who——

Jack. Who broke her heart, alas ! for just such an unfeeling and worthless man as you are. I knew her well.

Long. (*Wipes his eyes.*) Broke her heart ! then I am a villain. Now honour and love tug at my heart until they have almost snapt its sinews. Poor Jackina !

Jack. (*Aside.*) Worthy fellow ! Sir, to punish you still more for your inconstancy, know that she suspected you of being unfaithful—she married, has an husband, and I am he!—

Long. Then she's a faithless, worthless de—de—but I won't call names. I hate her—detest her—and so you may tell her when you return.

Jack. Return—Sir, she's here.

Long. Here ! where ?—Distraction !—But if she had married a man like——

Jack. (*Puts her hand on her sword.*) Sir !

Long. (*Frightened.*) If, I say—she—she—had married a gentleman whom I knew. But take my life, though 't is not worth my having—you have robbed me of poor Jackina, and with her my peace of mind for ever.

Jack.

Jack. Are you sincere in your declarations ?

Long. I am.

Jack. Then take me—why won't you take me ?

Long. Take you ! but curse me if I do take you !

Jack. Yes, take me ; for I am she !

Long. Eh !—yes—no—by Mahomet it is !
(*They embrace.*)

DUET:—JACKINA and LONGBOW.

Jack. In constancy delighting,
No more abroad you'll roam !
Then go not this day fighting,
But stay with me at home.

Long. In battle there's no danger,
Should you vouchsafe a prayer ;
To fear I am a stranger,
While fighting for the fair.

	<i>He.</i>	}	I'll	{	not go.
<i>Both.</i>	But no, no				
	<i>She.</i>	}	You'll	{	
<i>Both.</i>					

She. Say but so, *He.* I'll not go.

She. You'll not go.

Jack. In battle there's great danger ;
Then, ah ! my feelings spare ;
To love you are a stranger,
If you should venture there.

Long. Then I'll be your protector,
And never quit you more ;
Here, here (*kissing her*) shall be my nectar,
You all that I adore.

Both. No, no, &c.

Both. In constancy delighting, &c.

SCENE—*Another Apartment in the Fortrefs.*

Enter JAFFA.

How unlucky—the fight of a British gun-boat, I fuppofe, has driven from their labours the fishermen and pearl-seekers; my noble master and his brave fon still remain in jeopardy. Woe is me! the tyrant and a chosen band have arrived here with his fair prisoner, the beloved Violetta!—Hark!

Enter MUSTAPHA.

Must. Come hither, Jaffa; say, has the business been accomplished which you had in charge?

Jaffa. Please you, my Lord, I gave admittance to the youth; then stationed myself at a small distance from the assassin. Impelled by curiosity there I remained, when, lo! by the glimmer of the lamp I saw him raise his hand, and with one dreadful thrust he buried a dagger in the heart of my aged prisoner.

Must. Ha! 'tis well.—(*Aside.*) Inhuman villain! my commands were, that he should only terrify him into a confession of his guilt, not murder him. Let him be seized. Proceed.

Jaffa. The light reflected on the face of the victim—the assassin saw—stood motionless—and then exclaimed, My father! Oh! my father!

I

Must.

Must. His father!—well?

Jassa. I, shocked at the parricide, and fearful that his piercing shrieks would alarm the outer guards, drew my sabre, and one stout blow levelled him with the dust. Then I disposed of the bodies as you ordered.

Must. Oh, horrid deed!—Say, hast thou kept the secret?

Jassa. I have, my Lord.

Must. Thanks, faithful friend. This haughty race being now extinct, I reign secure on my usurped throne; and thou shalt share the glory of thy master.

Jassa. And yet, my Lord, I fear the arrival of the English, who have declared their enmity to you, may stir up these infatuated people to revenge the uncertain fate of their revered prince.

Must. I heed them not. My security is in this impregnable fortress, and in the valour of my followers. The world allows, and I must own, these Britons brave and noble; yet, though my soul is clogg'd with blood of murder'd innocents, I feel that towering courage in my breast, that to the last I'll daringly oppose them. On to the ramparts. (*Bugle sounds without.*) Ha! That sound proclaims the enemy's approach. Follow me to death or victory!

[*Exit.*

Jassa. Now, tyrant, the crisis of thy fate's arriv'd—he has pass'd the castle's porch. Now, my Lord, this way——

Enter MURTEZA.

Pursue the tyrant to the northern tower, and take just vengeance on his guilty head.

Murt. Yes; let the accursed monster view in me the heir of his usurped throne, and tremblingly behold the avenger of a father's wrongs. The hour of retribution is at hand—the vengeance of offended Heaven pursues him, and the voice of nature execrates the monster.

Jaffa. His hope is fixed on the castle's strength fronting the sea, where he is fled to head his followers.

Murt. Thither will I pursue him. Thence headlong hurl him into the deep—revenge the afflictions of a much-lov'd parent, and free a people from a tyrant's grasp. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to a View of the Sea—at one side of the Stage a Fortrefs, at the other a Lighthouse—an English Gun-boat sails down the Stage—fires a bomb—a breach is made at the bottom of the Castle near the Sea—the Long-boat is put off from the Ship full of Men; BOOMLY at their head—they enter the breach—Sailors give three cheers.

“ *Must.* Cease your rude thunders, or by
 “ Mahomet I swear, swift will I plunge her
 “ into the deep,

“ *Ali*

- “ *Ali Hassan.* (*Appears at the instant.*)
 “ Hold, monster! look on me your prince—
 “ release the Lady, or—(*catching her.*)
 “ *Must.* Ah! again deceived——
 “ *Ali.* (*Looking at her arm, then at her*
 “ *face.*) These bracelets—it is—it is my
 “ child!
 “ *Viol.* My father! Oh, Heaven! can it
 “ be! and my deliverer too! (*Embracing.*)
 “ *Must.* (*Separates them.*) Now both shall
 “ perish—(*A struggle*)—Persist not——”

Enter BOOMLY and Sailors—BOOMLY fights with the Tyrant—MURTEZA at the head of the Fishermen is engaged with the Soldiers of the Tyrant, whom he defeats and drives off the Ramparts just as BOOMLY overcomes the Tyrant—the Sailors tear down the Colours and erect the British Standard—three cheers from the Gun-boat as the Castle is blown up.

- “ *Boom.* Oh! Violetta—
 “ *Viol.* My Boomly! Oh, Providence!—
 “ My love, behold my father!
 “ *Murt.* My sister, too! (*They embrace.*)
 “ *Ali.* O day of joy!—Heaven blest my
 “ children.”

Enter Governor, leading in ZEMIRA, NIGRA, JACKINA, LONGBOW, and Attendants— at the opposite side YEZID and the Arabs.

FINALE.

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FINALE.

FINALE.—GRAND CHORUS.

Now loud the trumpet sounding,
 Each heart with pleasure bounding,
 Shall hail the glorious battle;
 When, warm'd with Freedom's glow,
 We brav'd the cannon's rattle,
 And triumph'd o'er the foe.

To HEAVEN and BRITAIN now be all the praise;
 Let them alone resound with Freedom's lays.

THE END.







